



# DAVID BORING

# "EIGHTBALL"

BY DANIEL CLOWES • NUMBER TWENTY-ONE  
FOUR NINETY-FIVE IN THE USA • SEVEN FIFTY IN CANADA

NOT SUITABLE  
FOR CHILDREN

FBI  
FOUR STAR



# "CRIME AND JUDY"

DAVID BORING · DOT PAAR

JUDY LOWENSTEIN  
FERDINAND KARKES

©1994 DC 00/194



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DANIEL CLOWES PRESENTS





# DAVID





# BORING





MY JOB IS (PERIPHERALLY) IN THE FILM BUSINESS, AND I ONLY HAVE TO GO TO THE OFFICE 2 OR 3 DAYS A WEEK. I'M TRYING TO WORK ON MY OWN LITTLE PROJECT IN MY SPARE TIME.

I HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO MY MOM. DUT AND IRIS LIVE TOGETHER ABOUT 60 MILES WEST OF HERE. AND YES, I DID TRY TO FIND WANDA, BUT I GAVE UP AFTER A MONTH OR SO.



I'VE BEEN LIVING WITH NAOMI SINCE MARCH. SHE'S HAD A VERY POSITIVE INFLUENCE ON ME. I'M A VEGETARIAN NOW. MORE AND MORE, I CAN'T STAND TO HURT ANY LIVING CREATURE. I'M TOO FEARFUL OF REVENGE.



I ACTUALLY DON'T THINK ABOUT WANDA THAT MUCH AT ALL ANYMORE. I'M TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM THAT SORT OF SHALLOW BEHAVIOR.



I'VE DECIDED TO WRITE A SCREEN-PLAY. I NEED TO DO SOMETHING TO VALIDATE MY EXISTENCE.



I INTEND TO FOLLOW ALL THE "RULES" OF SCREENWRITING (3-ACT STRUCTURE, ETC.). THERE'S NO POINT IN WRITING IT IF NO ONE WILL EVER SEE IT.



TO MAKE A MOVIE IS, FOR BETTER OR WORSE, TO ENTER AND PARTICIPATE IN THE SHAPING OF THE GENERAL UNCONSCIOUS...



THE YELLOW STREAK ANNUAL HAS AT THIS POINT BEEN REDUCED TO AN ENVELOPE OF DISMEMBERED FRAMES: 9 OR 10 WATERLOOED SURVIVORS...



I DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY DAD (HE REALLY IS DEAD, BY THE WAY -- I CHECKED), BUT I CAN'T SHAKE MY FASCINATION WITH THE YELLOW STREAK.



WHAT ARE THE YELLOW STREAK'S POWERS? HOW DOES HE KNOW TESTOR? IS FLORENCE REALLY THE BAD GUY? WHAT OTHER ADVENTURES HAVE THEY HAD? WHAT DO THEY DO BETWEEN PANELS? WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER SEEN.



THIS IS HIM?

I THINK SO.





THANK GOD FOR WOMEN LIKE NAOMI. EVERYTHING IS OKAY. I'M BETTER THAN MY FATHER. MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN COMICS. TOMORROW, I WILL BEGIN TO WRITE.





THE "EERIE BOY," AS I CALL HIM, HAS BEEN APPEARING MORE AND MORE FREQUENTLY IN MY DREAMS. I'M TEMPTED TO DISMISS HIM AS A MANIFESTATION OF MY MALIGNANT ADOLESCENT IMPULSES, BUT THAT SEEMS A BIT SIMPLISTIC...





I'LL ADMIT I'VE STILL GOT A CERTAIN CURIOSITY ABOUT "THE WANDA AFFAIR"...

I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHO SHOT ME IN THE HEAD, FOR INSTANCE.

THE FEW PUZZLE PIECES THAT REMAIN (AS WITH THEIR BROTHER FRAGMENTS, SEVERAL WERE LOST AT SEA) ARE NO HELP AT ALL...



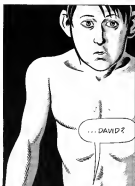
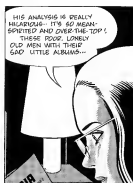
WAND = A, I UNDERSTAND...  
I + LOVE + WANDA? KEYS +  
TO + MY HEART? EYE + SPY?  
MOVIE + STAR?





IN A MOMENT OF REVELATION IT CAME TO ME: THE BERTIE BOY HAD FIRST APPEARED SOMETIME SHORTLY AFTER MY ONE PERFECT SEXUAL EXPERIENCE (MEMORIAL DAY, 1998), AND HAD BEEN DEVELOPING INDEPENDENTLY IN SOME REMOTE CHAMBER EVER SINCE, THE NEGLECTED GHOST-OFFSPRING OF THAT UNREPEATABLE UNION.





IT BEGAN INNOCUOUSLY ENOUGH: AN UNUSUAL ATTRACTIVENESS, SHALL WE SAY. I'M CERTAINLY NOT ABOVE NOTICING SUCH THINGS... AND WE MUSTN'T FORGET THAT WANDA WAS A REMARKABLE STUDENT.



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT, DAVID... SHE AND I WERE A PERFECT PAIR. SHE WAS A PERFECT WOMAN IN EVERY RESPECT. ANY GANE MAN WOULD DIE TO POSSESS SUCH A WOMAN: A PIGE, RARE BIRD, INDEED.



AND WHAT WAS OUR PLAN? SIMPLY TO 'RUN OFF' TOGETHER. NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT DID NOT COME TO PASS.



SHE SPOKE OF YOU ONLY ONCE, WHEN SHE GAVE ME YOUR SCRAPBOOK. SHE WAS SO CLEVER; SHE COULD DRIVE YOU MAD WITH JEALOUSY!



LIKE A FOOL, I CHOSE TO BE 'HONORABLE' AND TOLD MY WIFE EVERYTHING. I STILL HAVEN'T RECOVERED, FINANCIALLY OR OTHERWISE.



I ASSUMED, ERRONEOUSLY AS WE KNOW, THAT SHE HAD CHOSEN YOU. I BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS, DAVID, FOR MY MANY LARGES IN JUDGMENT.



THE SHOOTING ITSELF WAS NOT MENTIONED BY NAME, AND HIS MOST PROFUSE APOLOGY CAME FOR THE LESS-THAN-CHARITABLE ANALYSIS OF MY CHARACTER IN HIS SCRAPBOOK ARTICLE.

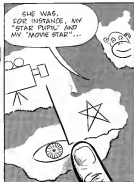
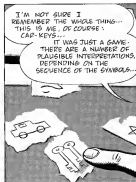


I COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL FOR KARKES, THOUGH THE WANDA HE DESCRIBED SOUNDED DIS-CONCERTINGLY UNLIKE MY OWN. WE PARTED AMICABLY, MUTUALLY SATISFIED THAT OUR DUEL HAD ENDED IN A LOSER'S DRAW.



NEVERTHELESS, LIKE THE ONLY TWO ALCOHOLICS IN A DRY COUNTY, KARKES AND I WERE TO MEET AGAIN. THE SECOND CONGRESS OF "THE WANDA CLUB" TAKES PLACE ON OCTOBER 4, 1999.





AFTER THREE MEETINGS, WE HAVE COME TO A TACIT AGREEMENT TO POOL OUR EFFORTS IN SOME SORT OF LIMITED SEARCH. IN THE INTEREST OF CLUE-GATHERING, K. HAS GIVEN ME, WITH CRYPTIC PRE-SCRIPTIVES, A VIDEO TAKEN OF WANDA (!!) IN HER APARTMENT LAST MAY.



IT LOOKS LIKE WANDA, BUT HER MANNER IS ENTIRELY UNFAMILIAR. IT'S LIKE WATCHING A FAVORITE ACTRESS STRUGGLE TO PLAY AN UNWORTHY ROLE...





DUMBFOUNDED. I AM NO MATCH  
FOR THE UNBEARABLE SECONDS  
BEFORE THE FINAL BLACKOUT.

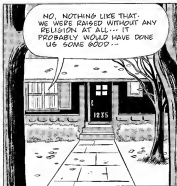
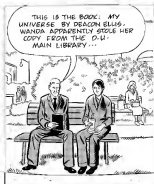




SHE'S NOT WANDA, EXACTLY, BUT THE RESEMBLANCES ARE SURPRISING. SHE HAS AGED WELL (AS I KNEW WANDA WOULD) AND RADIATES AN OVERALL SENSE OF STRENGTH AND HEALTH. WHERE ARE THE TUMPANI HEARTBEATS?















IN THE TIME SINCE NAOMI LEFT ME (6 HOURS AND COUNTING), I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO CATCH UP ON MY THINKING. I CAN'T DECIDE IF I NEED HELP OR IF I'M REALLY NO MORE SKEWERED UP THAN ANYBODY ELSE. IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH BEING A LITTLE OBSSIVE? AT LEAST I'M NOT AS BAD AS KARDES!



POOR KARDES, I HAVEN'T TALKED TO HIM IN A WHILE. THERE'S SOMETHING UNHEALTHY ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP. HE'S NOT A VERY GOOD ROLE MODEL.

I AM RESOLVED, IF ANYTHING, TO FOLLOW MY OWN TRUE NATURE.







AND WHAT EXACTLY IS MY OWN TRUE NATURE? HOW AM I TO KNOW?



ONE POSITIVE INDICATOR: SINCE MEETING JUDY, THE GEEKY BOY HAS STOPPED INVADING MY DREAMS -







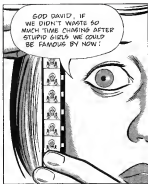


DO I KNOW THE CORRECT ANSWER?  
NO, BUT I MUST BE TRUE TO MY  
OWN NATURE.



AM I, THE MORE MATURE DAVID  
BORING, STILL CAPTIVATED BY A  
SPECIFIC FEMININE IDEAL?







MY POST-RECOVERY FOLLOW-UP CALL ON THE MORNING OF 12/11 YIELDED THE FOLLOWING: "PLEASE DAVID, I NEED TO WORK THINGS OUT ON MY OWN." "IF YOU RESPECT ME YOU'LL GIVE ME SOME TIME." "I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I'M READY. OH GOD...OH GOD..."





IN MY DESPONDENCY OVER THE JUDY SITUATION, DOT HAS ME HALF-CONVINCED THAT THE COPS REALLY ARE AFTER ME. I HAD SEX WITH MRS. CARON THE NIGHT BEFORE SHE DIED. ALL THEY NEED IS ONE SMALL SAMPLE TO NAIL ME. RIGHT?



INSTEAD, I FIND MYSELF TRYING TO FORGE A NARRATIVE SEQUENCE OUT OF THE REMAINING YELLOW STREAK PANELS THAT WILL SUGGEST, AND POSSIBLY EVEN ENGENDER, A SATISFYING RESOLUTION TO MY TROUBLES.



WE TRY TO WATCH OUR OLD MOVIES, BUT THE PROTECTOR, AS PREDICTED, FAILS. I AM INSPIRED, HOWEVER, BY THE EVIDENCE OF DORRANT CREATIVE PROMISE, TO WORK ON MY SCRIPT AGAIN.



I QUIT MY JOB, BY THE WAY... QUITE A WHILE AGO, ACTUALLY... WE ARE NOW MAKING OUR LIVING BY SELLING NADIA'S RARE BOOKS ON THE INTERNET.



THE MORE I STRAIN TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING, THOUGH, THE MORE I MUST RECALL THAT ALL THE GOOD IDEAS WERE DOT'S.



THIS LEAVES ME WITH PLENTY OF TIME TO DEVOTE TO MY LITTLE HOBBY.







HER NAME IS BARBARA. SHE WORKS AS A NANNY, SHE SAYS. HOW MANY OF THE CHILDREN IN HER CARE WILL DEVELOP BUTT OBSESSIONS?



THE FAMILY SHE WORKS FOR IS IN MONTANA AND SHE HAS THE HOUSE TO HERSELF. SO WHAT AM I WAITING FOR? IT'S NOT BECAUSE OF JUDY, EXACTLY. I'M PERFECTLY ABLE TO SEPARATE SEX FROM LOVE.

I WATCH HER CAREFULLY, LOOKING FOR SOME TINY GESTURE OR INDICATION. WHAT DOES SHE WANT? IS SHE WORKING FOR THE POLICE? DOES SHE ONLY WANT MY SPERM? I CAN'T LET MYSELF FALL IN TO HER TRAP.





PURCELL HOME, R.I., HAD DONE HIS JOB. WANDA HAD TURNED UP IN A GROUP HOME 80 MILES SOUTH OF OCEANA. THE BOOK ON HER COFFEE TABLE (MY UNIVERSE, AS YOU WILL RECALL, BY DEACON ELLIS) HAD PROVEN TO BE THE CASE-BREAKING CLUE.



APPARENTLY, SHE BELONGS TO A SMALL COMMUNITY FORMED BY FOLLOWERS OF THE GREAT BOOK. "MY HOME WAS VERY CAREFUL NOT TO USE THE WORD 'CULT,'" SAYS KARKES.



THERE SHE WAS, ALL RIGHT: THE APOCALYPTIC HAIR-DO OF 1998 HAD BEEN RESTRUCTURED, BUT SHE WAS CERTAINLY RECOGNIZABLE. I COULD ONLY THINK OF HER PROGENITOR, PAMELA, GREETING GUESTS AT MY UNCLE'S FUNERAL...





EVIDENTLY, SHE IS THE ONLY ONE HERE. "EVERYONE ELSE HAS CROSSED OVER," SHE SAYS, WITHOUT ELABORATION.



SISTER JUDY'S MANNERISMS ARE APPARENT IN EVERY INFLECTION, TO THE POINT THAT IT BECOMES UNBEARABLE TO LOOK AT HER. INSTEAD I FIX MY GAZE ON A SERIES OF PATHETIC FURNISHINGS.



THE LENGTHY DISCUSSION OF HER RELIGION IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO FOLLOW, BUT KARYES HAS DONE HIS HOMEWORK, AND SPEAKS WITHOUT A HINT OF CONDESCENSION.

EVENTUALLY, SHE GETS TO THE PART ABOUT HAVING SEX WITH GOD, AND ALL THAT... I HAVE TO ADMIT, SHE DOESN'T REALLY SEEM CRAZY, EXACTLY... MAYBE SHE'S ON TO SOMETHING...



WHAT IF I WAS GOD, AND SOMEWHERE ON THIS LITTLE WORLD WAS A TINY FLECK WHO WANTED TO BE MY GIRLFRIEND?



AND IF GOD WERE TO SELECT A FLECK FROM THIS WORLD, HE COULD DO MUCH WORSE THAN POOR WANDA...





HE DID; THERE WAS NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT. I WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN JUDY. THE ONE THING IN THE WORLD THAT I WAS ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN ABOUT AT THAT MOMENT WAS THAT I HAD TO HAVE JUDY. SO WHY NOT JUST TELL HIM AND PART WAYS AMICABLY?



BECAUSE I WANT TO KEEP HIM SLEEPING. BECAUSE, AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, I CAN'T STAND TO LOSE THIS DIABOLOGICAL CONTEST... BECAUSE, REALLY, I'M JUST AS BAD AS HE IS...



AND IF I COULD ONLY GET JUDY, AS OPPOSED TO HER FADING IMITATOR, I COULD BEAT THE OLD Fucker AND HE WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW IT. AND YES, I AM WILLING TO GO ALL THE WAY.

PLEASE UNDERSTAND, HOWEVER, THAT I TRULY LOVE JUDY WITH ALL MY HEART AS A SPECIFIC INDIVIDUAL, AND NOT JUST FOR HER SYMBOLIC VALUE.





I CAN'T WAIT AROUND FOR A BURST OF INSPIRATION; I HAVE TO DO WHATEVER I CAN TO GET JUDY TO MEET WITH ME. SHE AGREES TO TALK TO ME, BUT HER FLAT, SECRETARIAL INFLECTION OFFERS NO HINT OF HER INTENTIONS.



SHE SAYS SHE'LL SEE ME IN PERSON TOMORROW AFTERNOON (THURSDAY, THE 30<sup>TH</sup>). SHE'S MEETING HER HUSBAND IN THE CITY TO SEE A PLAY, BUT SHE'LL TAKE AN EARLIER TRAIN. THIS WILL BE MY ONE BIG CHANCE.



FIRST, I WATCH AS WHITEY'S HEAD IS CRUSHED BY A GIANT THUMB FROM THE SKY.



THAT NIGHT, I HAVE A COMPLICATED DREAM...

IT BELONGS TO GOD, WHO LOOKS DOWN IMPATIENTLY, AS THOUGH WAITING FOR ME TO DO SOMETHING THAT WILL HOLD HIS INTEREST.



I PLEAD FOR JUST ONE WISH, AND IF HE WOULD GRANT ME THAT WISH, I WOULD NEVER ASK FOR ANYTHING AGAIN. AT FIRST, I DON'T WANT TO MENTION JUDY'S NAME, BUT IT OCCURS TO ME THAT HE CAN READ MY MIND SO I GO AHEAD WITH IT.



IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER MUCH TO GOD. HE HAS HIS OWN AGENDA, AND WHO AM I TO QUESTION IT?



HOW DID WANDA KNOW I WAS LEAVING? WAS SHE IN WITH THE COPS? I KNEW THEY WERE WATCHING THE APARTMENT SO I LEFT WITHOUT EVEN A SUITCASE...



IF ALL WENT ACCORDING TO PLAN, JUDY AND I WOULD TAKE THE NEXT TRAIN OUT OF TOWN. WE COULD GO WHEREVER SHE WANTED, AND BUY WHATEVER WE NEEDED WHEN WE GOT THERE.



I HAVE TO BELIEVE IN THE UNASSAILABLE BEAUTY OF MY INTENTIONS IF I'M GOING TO CONVINCE HER OF ANYTHING.



I TELL HER, WITH PRACTICED CANDOR, THAT I HAVE TO BE WITH HER OR I WILL SURELY DIE; THAT I LOVE AND WORSHIP HER AND WOULD HAPPILY DO ANYTHING SHE ASKED OF ME IF IT MEANT THAT I COULD BE WITH HER FOR EVEN ONE DAY.



BOY, DAVID... WHY DO YOU LIKE ME SO MUCH?



YOU'RE PERFECT... YOU'RE THE IDEAL... I MEAN, I CAN'T THINK OF A SINGLE THING THAT ISN'T-- YOU KNOW ...



I'M NOT SO GREAT. I'VE DONE A LOT OF STUPID THINGS IN MY LIFE.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU... I DON'T KNOW. YOU HARDLY SEEM REAL. YOU'RE SO-- I DON'T KNOW ...



A PERFECT GIRL DOESN'T LEAVE HER HUSBAND FOR A STRANGE MAN.



I HAVE THIS FOR YOU...



THANK YOU, DAVID.



THAT'S IT. THAT'S ALL I HAVE.









WHAT FOLLOWS IS A VAUDEVILLE-STYLE VARIETY SHOW: A SERIES OF ACTS (MAGICIAN, PLATE-SPINNER) ALL TAKEN ENTIRELY AT FACE-VALUE BY AN AUDIENCE INTENT ON EULOGIZING THE IMAGINED INNOCENCE OF A MORIBUND CENTURY.



AND WHAT ABOUT JUDY? WHERE IS MY JUDY? IS SHE HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS, OR HAS SHE ALREADY FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME?



THE PERFORMERS ALL SEEM FAMILIAR TO ME, ESPECIALLY THE GIRL - WHERE HAVE I SEEN HER?



I STAND UP AUTOMATICALLY, TOO QUICKLY, SO THAT I NEARLY PASS OUT. JUDY HASN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME!



I CAN'T FINISH MY ANSWER. THEY LOVE ME - WHERE ARE YOU, JUDY? WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE THINKING RIGHT NOW?



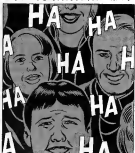
SUDDENLY, IT COMES TO ME. DO YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS? DO YOU REMEMBER THE YOUNG ACTRESS FROM THE NIGHT OF 2/23/98? SUCH NARRATIVE SYMMETRY CANNOT BODE WELL. THIS MUST REALLY BE THE END.



WHY DOESN'T SHE ANSWER? HOW CAN SHE LEAVE ME ALL ALONE LIKE THIS?



SHOULD I LET PAUL KILL ME? NOT THAT I HAVE A CHOICE, NECESSARILY... I COULD TRY TO KILL HIM, I SUPPOSE, BUT WHY?



I'VE NEVER HURT ANYBODY IN MY WHOLE LIFE. AT LEAST I CAN SAY THAT.



I SEE NOW THAT THE ONLY DIGNITY LEFT TO ME IS IN THE CHOOSING OF MY OWN FINALE.



I MUST THWART WHATEVER ACTION-PACKED CLIMAX THE CREATOR HAS IN STORE FOR ME AND GO OUT ON MY OWN TERMS.







FOR ONE THING, I COULD NEVER COME UP WITH THE RIGHT ENDING. MY FATHER DIDN'T GIVE ME MUCH TO WORK WITH (OTHER THAN "TO BE CONTINUED...").



I OPEN MY EYES EXPECTING ETERNAL PEACE, AND AM INSTEAD FACED WITH THE LURID RESULTS OF DOT'S SURPRISING MARKSMANSHIP...



THIS IS FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY THE FAMILIAR IMPACT OF A BULLET STRIKING MY FOREHEAD (THIS TIME, THANKFULLY, ONLY A GLANCING BLOW) AND THE ONSET OF TEMPORARY UNCONSCIOUSNESS.



EXCEPT FOR A FEW ILLUMINATED MOMENTS, I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT OUR TRIP, WHICH, ACCORDING TO DOT, WAS AN ADVENTURE IN ITSELF, LASTING FIFTEEN MISERABLE HOURS AND INVOLVING SOME PERILOUS NAVIGATIONAL CHOICES.





PAMELA HAS BEEN THERE SINCE THE 27TH, "JUST IN CASE THE TERRORISTS COME BACK," SHE SAYS. EVERYONE HAD PREDICTED AN ATTACK ON NEW YEAR'S EVE (WHICH IS TODAY, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT) BUT DOT AND I HAVE BEEN TOO BUSY TO GIVE IT MUCH THOUGHT.



"I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES WITH HIM (GESTURES TOWARD BABY) IN THE PICTURE," SAYS PAMELA, THOUGH I SUSPECT SHE HAS A LOT TO GET AWAY FROM... SHE HAS ENOUGH DRY FOOD FOR SIX MONTHS AND PLANS TO START A VEGETABLE GARDEN IN THE SPRING, IF NECESSARY.



A WEEK GOES BY AND THERE'S STILL NO SIGN OF THE POLICE. MAYBE SOMETHING REALLY HAPPENED THIS TIME. PAMELA HAS A LITTLE RADIO, BUT WE CAN'T GET A SIGNAL AND THE BATTERIES ARE DYING.





ON JANUARY 9TH, I SPOT THE  
EDGE OF A FUGITIVE YELLOW  
STREAK PANEL UNDER THE FLOOR  
MOLDING IN MY ROOM.



IT'S ONE I DON'T REMEMBER EVER  
HAVING SEEN BEFORE. MY  
FATHER WASN'T MUCH FOR ENDINGS.  
I GUESS...



ON JANUARY 26TH, AFTER A PERIOD OF INCREASING REMORSE, DOT FINALLY BREAKS DOWN. "WHAT  
HAVE I DONE?" SHE SAYS, "I'M A MONSTER!"



SHE TELLS PAMELA THE WHOLE HORRIBLE STORY. ABOUT  
WHICH MY COUSIN REMARKS, "WHEN YOU FIND A  
GOOD MAN, YOU HAVE TO DO WHATEVER YOU CAN TO  
PROTECT HIM."



DOT AGREES, AND TRIES TO EXPLAIN TO HER THE  
COMPLEX MECHANICS OF OUR RELATIONSHIP. I AM  
ACROSS THE ROOM, JUST OUT OF EARSHOT, STRAINING  
TO HEAR WHAT THEY SAY. THEY BEGIN LAUGHING  
UNCONTROLLABLY. PAMELA SMILES AT ME OVER HER  
SHOULDER.



AS THE WEEKS PASS, DOT GROWS MORE AND MORE ATTACHED TO THE BABY. A STRANGER, AT THIS POINT, WOULD PROBABLY TAKE HER FOR THE MOTHER.



AS OF TODAY, WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR FOUR-AND-A-HALF MONTHS AND SUICIDE IS THE FARTHEST THING FROM MY THOUGHTS



WE'VE STOPPED WORRYING ABOUT THE POLICE, OR EVEN THE CLOUD OF POISONOUS MICROBES THAT IS SURELY WAITING TOWARD US.



WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO LIVE PEACEFULLY, WITHOUT REGRET OR FOREBODING, MINDFUL OF A RETURN TO LIVING IN THE PRESENT RATHER THAN FOR AN IMAGINED FUTURE...



WE GRACIOUSLY ACCEPT THIS HAPPY ENDING, AND RECOGNIZE IT AS SUCH: A SUSPENDED PACKET OF STILLNESS BETWEEN CLIMAX AND OBIVION.



AFTER ALL, WHAT BETTER COULD WE HOPE FOR THAN A FEW PERFECT WEEKS BEFORE THE CURTAIN FALLS?



BELIEVE ME, I'M THANKFUL FOR EVERY SECOND.



THE END

# FEATURING (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

NARRATOR DAVID BORING  
 YOUNG ACTRESS EMILY RANSOM  
 DAVID'S BEST FRIEND DOT PAAR  
 BACKGROUND MAN MR. BEARD  
 BACKGROUND WOMAN MRS. BEARD  
 DAVID'S OTHER FRIEND WHITEY WHITMAN  
 DOT'S DATE GINGER FERGUSON  
 WHITEY'S DATE CARLA S.  
 DAVID'S DATE STEPHANIE B.  
 POLICE DETECTIVE LT. ANEMONE  
 VAN DRIVER BEN SOO  
 FIRST PASSENGER PROF. JAFFE  
 SECOND PASSENGER WANDA KRAML  
 PASTOR PASTOR G. KNOOP  
 WHITEY'S COUSIN DAGMAR HICKMAN  
 WHITEY'S STEPBROTHER WARREN PAPPAS  
 MR. PIZZA EMPLOYEE TREY BRAUN  
 DAVID'S MOTHER MRS. BORING  
 STRANGE VISITOR FERDINAND KARKES  
 MR. BEARD'S FRIEND GLADYS X.  
 DAVE'S COUNTERMAN DAVE JR.  
 COMPUTER JERK ROB HILLOCKS  
 BARTENDER BRAD CANDELARIA  
 GINGER'S BOYFRIEND JEFF DRAKE  
 OTHER PROFESSORS PROF. EDWARDS  
 PROF. FAGG  
 PROF. NUGENT  
 EERIE BOY HIMSELF  
 GIRL IN WATER PAMELA BROWN  
 CARETAKER MR. HULLIGAN  
 DAVID'S SECOND COUSIN HELEN CAPON  
 MRS. CAPON'S DAUGHTER IRIS ROLAND  
 IRIS'S HUSBAND MANFRED ROLAND  
 DAVID'S GREAT-UNCLE AUGUST BROWN  
 RESCUER KANDI LUTZ  
 RESCUER'S MOTHER JANET LUTZ  
 DAVID'S GIRLFRIEND NAOMI SORENSEN  
 COMIC DEALER ROMAN JANACEK  
 COMICS EXPERT GERRY BISHOFF

KARKES'S WIFE MRS. KARKES  
 PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR PURCELL HOWE  
 WANDA'S SISTER JUDY LOWENSTEIN  
 FISHERMEN CARL BECKMAN  
 WILDER THORNE  
 FBI AGENT ROY SMITH  
 JUDY'S HUSBAND PAUL LOWENSTEIN  
 GIRL IN BAR BARBARA HOPPER-STANGL  
 TICKET SCALPER JACK DAHLMeyer  
 UNCLE SAM FONTAINE FINNEGAN  
 STRAW HAT DANCER CAL CALLISON  
 MC DEAN LACEY  
 BOUNCERS TUG TIMLIN  
 TODD ZIMMER  
 PAMELA'S BABY BABY BROWN  
 FEATURED EXTRAS JANE ALLEN  
 B.B. BOGLE  
 SANDRA BUNCE  
 D-G. CLOWES  
 PARKER COLE  
 JACK DAVIS  
 LOUIS GOTTSCHALK  
 POPEYE GROSSMAN  
 PEPPER LACEY  
 KIM LEE  
 BRUCE MALM  
 TROY MALM  
 LUDWIG NELSON  
 DENVER POLK JR.  
 DOLORES POTTS  
 KEN RUSK  
 IRA SCHMERDEKNECHT  
 DUANE SIKKENG  
 DOUG SIKKENG  
 EMILY SWAN  
 SUMMER TUFTS  
 BRUCE T. WAYNE  
 C. C. WRIGHT  
 GALE YEOMAN  
 CON ZEIGLER

